

THE EIGHTH KANSAS.

Once more we meet—but not as when
With youth and hope we marched away,
A thousand men we mustered then—
A feeble remnant is to-day.

Our banner flamed in waves of light,
Our colors blazed brave and strong,
While thousands gathered to the sight,
With cheers of parting, loud and long.

The merry jest and laugh went round,
Our tales and hardships to beguile,
As with the roll of "Old John Brown,"
We tramped through many a weary mile.

We tramped and fought, and fought and
tramped,
War's fierce tide surging to and fro,
O'er mountains high and dismal swamps,
Until the grand concluding blow.

But now, by conflict torn and mangled,
Our flags hang out on the silent wall,
And we, gray-haired and battle-scarred,
The struggles of the past recall.

For suffering binds with links of steel,
The souls that death together braved,
And hearts, with tender memories full,
For those whose blood the Nation saved.

Our comrades of those troubled years,
Who sleep beneath the hallowed sod,
Who yielded not to foes or fears,
Were true to country and to God.

Wasting, as wastes the crumbling rock,
Worn by exposure, want and toil,
Falling in battle's deadly shock,
But dying with the conqueror's smile.

For them the camp fire burns no more,
Nor morning reveille shall awake;
The bugle's blast nor cannon's roar
Shall never move their slumber break.

Their dust is scattered far and wide,
O'er battle fields the many shall weep,
North Alabama's mountain side,
And Georgia's fertile southern slope.

Kentucky's dark and bloody ground,
Has closed upon the many a dead,
And Tennessee a place has found
For many a comrade's final rest.

Down the Gulf stream's ebb and flow,
Where in seas the great waves roll,
Or where o'ermagnolia blend perfume,
With orange blossoms above their graves.

Our Western households mourn the loss
Of loved ones, sons and brothers slain;
Yet joy relieves the bitter cross,
They died, but perished not in vain!

The Union banner floats supreme,
Our every word and deed pressed,
And glory crowns the patriot's dream—
A land united and at rest.

Thus Kansas gave, in faith sublime,
The life blood of her children free,
While from its springs through after time
The flower and fruit of liberty.

But while we drop the silent tear
In memory of our comrades gone,
A grateful country greets us here,
And hails our work as nobly done.

Then hark to the tale from age to age,
Be told with varied speech and style,
In poet's song, on history's page,
And proud memorial pile.

The parting comes—the conqueror, Death,
Lays prostrate both the brave and strong,
But while the Union stands, the Eighth
Shall live in song and in song.

THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

The sighing strain
In duster clad,
Who, heart in hand,
With maiden glad,
Has wondered, wondering,
Up and down,
Mixed as to North and South,
West side of town.

The swinging bridge
Has watched with awe,
The cable car
With drooping jaw,
The Exposition's
Rushing throng,
Have dragged the pair
Unwillingly along.

In street-car whirled,
To the state fair go;
View patch work quilts
And folk show,
Find heart's ease there
In chewing gum,
In pop-corn balls,
And sweet young yums.

Find husband kind,
Whom smile they trusted,
And leave for home
Financially busted.

An Iowa Romance.

In the year 18—there arrived from England and settled in a small town in Iowa, a few miles west of Dubuque, a young man, one of that class we now unhesitatingly term "dudes," which is of recent years one of England's most numerous and perhaps popular articles of export. He was a handsome fellow—pleasing address, and ere long won the confidence and respect of the inhabitants of the little town, and indeed, the hearts of many of the fair girls. But three weeks elapsed when he was employed as a clerk in an extensive general store, and by extremely polite manners and strictly business principles he soon built for his employer a lucrative business. Among his customers was a pretty brunette of the "sweet sixteen" class. Her father was a very wealthy but miserly old farmer, and quite ignorant as compared with most of our present wealthy farmers. The old farmer, it may be said, accumulated all his wealth, upward of \$500,000, in the remarkably brief period of six years by

A sudden streak of luck in the silver mines of Colorado, he being one of the lucky or rather unlucky three who left there with over a million dollars in their possession. But alas! on their homeward journey they were set upon in the wilderness of the vast plains and massacred in a most indecorable manner, their heads severed from their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their arms pulled from their sockets, and, of course, robbed of all their treasures. Yet in some miraculous way our old hero made good his escape with a few slight wounds, and with great difficulty and endurance reached his native town three months later, where six years previous left a wife and child in the most destitute circumstances and depending on the county for support. Now his timely return changed their station. They no longer needed assistance from the county or neighbors, but on the other hand they became a source from which other poor people sought aid. They were now wealthy and independent and were looked upon as the head of the community for a time. But to return to our young hero and heroine. We find their clandestine meetings the subject of considerable comment and encountering serious objections on the part of the rich old farmer, who, of course, only followed the general rule by opposing the attentions paid his daughter by the handsome young Englishman. But as is also the rule, on the other hand,

and with love's determination the young admirer pursued the objectionable course until at length the old man, no longer to be baffled, sent the pretty daughter off to a boarding school in the suburbs of Chicago.

Previous to her departure the young couple promised faithfully to continue a

clandestine correspondence until she would return, when they promised to become man and wife. Ignorant as the old farmer seemed to be, he suspected this, and to prevent it strictly ordered the principal to retain all letters addressed to his new pupil, except those marked privately, or, in other words, those sent by him, and to return all others to him. He also instructed him to inspect all letters sent out by her. Of course this was too much for the good-natured Chicago professor, and, while he complied with instructions, he simply abhorred the balance of this unreasonable request, and vowed his intention to keep all letters not marked as described, and also all sent out by his interesting made numerous friends among her classmates (many of whom still reside in Chicago), but always bore an aspect of sorrow in her usual smiling countenance, and seemed devoid of all ability for study. Three long months had now elapsed since the young lovers parted, and during this period all communications were cut off by the means above described. All this time our young hero was almost

PROSTRATED WITH GRIEF, pupil in his possession until he could learn something of the old man's mysterious conduct.

Meanwhile the pretty country girl so much that grave fears were entertained for his becoming insane, and as a matter of course neglected his store duties, for which he was prematurely discharged. He immediately took his leave of the good people of the little burg and came to Dubuque, where he obtained employment in a large wholesale house on Main street, where he soon recovered from his late grief, and again won the confidence of his employers. Again the love and admiration for his betrothed proved his master and soon resulted in what was then thought to be the beginning of a downward career, that of drinking, but happily did not terminate in such, and he soon overcame his appetite for intoxicants.

To go back, we find our little heroine ardently pursuing her laborious mental studies, and at the end of a two years' course graduated with the highest honors. Recovering her diploma, she hastened to the little village from whence she came, expecting there to find a warm reception from one who had faithfully promised to share with her half of his life's joys and sorrows. Imagine her consternation when she learned of her lover's discharge and departure to parts unknown. For five long and wearisome years the ardent admirers were separated, each of them not knowing where the other was. They very naturally lost all recollection of each other, and merely looked on the past as a dream in which they were the most conspicuous characters. A year later the usually quiet little town was one day aroused from its natural slumbers by the announcement that a marriage in the upper walks of life was to be contracted in the near future. One of the contracting parties was no other than

THE LITTLE HEROINE, and the other a very prominent merchant of that place. But two weeks intervened between now and the day appointed for the interesting event. It is safe to say that it was looked upon as the grandest affair that ever honored the little settlement. Some time previous to this our once forlorn and broken-hearted youth had been sent on the road as a commercial drummer for the firm for which he had so faithfully labored for so many years. In his drumming rounds he had occasion to visit the dear little town of his adoption for the first time in several years. Calling upon his old employers he was received with more than ordinary courtesies, and during the interesting conversation which followed he was informed of the coming interesting event. Startled by the news, yes, and soon more perplexed by his own situation, he silently pondered over his proposed marriage to a Dubuque belle. This was a serious state of affairs. How to avoid a sensational conflict was the next thing to be considered. His whole heart and soul went out to his long-lost love, and to win her back he at once employed the necessary means. Approaching a clerk in the store he handed him a slip of paper and asked him to deliver at No. —, on — street, and to await a reply. In due time the answer arrived and read as follows:

HER LOVE UNABATED.
"DEAR GEORGE: I have received your long and anxiously waited for note. Come, come, at once. Yours as ever, JANE."

It is unnecessary to say that he complied with the urgent request. The meeting can better be imagined than described, and, as it appeared to disinterested parties, was novel and affecting in the extreme. After an interesting conversation he took his leave, promising to come back immediately upon his arrival from Dubuque.

The outcome of this affair was the whole topic of conversation for several days, until our hero arrived from Dubuque and fulfilled his promise. In accordance to his situation, the young couple made a hasty retreat in a farmer's old wagon. In this way they traveled night and day for some hundred miles, until they reached a small town in Wisconsin where they were married for the small sum of 50 cents.

This was the last seen or heard from them, though a vigorous search was instituted for several years, until about three months ago a young lady arrived in Jackson county to seek her fortune in the far West, as she termed it, and soon was appointed a teacher in one of the many schools of that place. She was a highly educated and refined lady, and soon became quite a favorite with her pupils as well as some of the handsome young men, one of the latter being a wealthy young farmer. This friendship soon ripened into love, and about two weeks ago the young couple were married, and now live on a 500-acre farm in Iowa. There is nothing remarkable in this, but there is something remarkable in the fact that the young lady is the daughter of the couple who left there many years since, and what is still more remarkable, her husband proves to be the son of the

WEALTHY MERCHANT who was about to be married to the young lady's mother more than a quarter of a century ago.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to relate the story of the romantic couple. We have already given a brief synopsis of their early history, on which any further comment is useless. After they were married at the little Wisconsin town they went their way in a manner rejoicing, still traveling in the old wagon and contenting themselves with their station till they reached Chicago. It was not until now that their scanty funds gave out and they were obliged to seek

work in the great metropolis of the West. They were successful in obtaining employment in an old hotel which stood somewhere on South Clark street, where they remained until they had ample means to carry them to New York City. There he engaged in the brokerage business and was quite successful for a time, though this was a terrible descent from their early life, as he was the son of an English lord and she the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Business soon became dull and gradually grew worse, until at last he became despondent and resolved to rid the world of himself. He did so most effectively by drowning himself in the East River, and his body was never known to have been recovered.

HIS NOW DESTITUTE WIDOW

was almost crazed with grief, having a small child to support. She soon fell sick, and after a three months' illness died, leaving the child to seek a living among strangers and through the streets of New York. She did so by selling papers and other work of a similar nature, in many instances sleeping out all night and wandering from place to place in the great Eastern metropolis, until at last, overcome by hunger and fatigue, she was found by an officer named O'Hagan on one of the back streets weeping with despair and almost dying from hunger. She was at once removed to a police station, and afterward transferred to the Home of the Friendless for six months and was then given out to an old wealthy couple in a small town in New York State, where she was educated and became a refined, accomplished, and indeed a prepossessing young lady. Her history from that date until the date of her arrival in Iowa, again seeking her own livelihood, the writer has not learned, but it is safe to say it was tinged with romance. To draw this long story almost as close as possible, she is now living a life of happiness, but rather obscure. It is just one week since she visited the home and birthplace of her mother, and the adopted home of her father, for the first time during her life. It is indeed impossible to describe the reception which was tendered her by the good people of the famous little town.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Some Close Calls, and How They Were Declined.

New York World.
The escape from death of the six-year-old child, Annie Haley, who fell from a third-story rear window in Mulberry street and was caught by a double clothes-line, escaping with slight injuries, almost marvellous cases have occurred within the observance of many persons in this city.

About four years ago during the Summer, a young lady seventeen years of age, residing on Sixtieth street, was recovering from an attack of fever and was left one afternoon alone in a front room four stories from the basement. The young lady rose from the bed, pinned a blanket around her shoulders with a heavy brass pin, and hearing some music in the street went to the open window, held the lace curtains together with one hand and leaned forward to look out. As she did so her strength failed, and she faintly, falling out of the window. Immediately outside of the window was a large nail on which a bird cage used to hang. As she fell close to the wall the nail caught the blanket for an instant, and this swerved the body to one side of the basement yard where there was a grass-plot. The young lady escaped with a dislocated shoulder, which was set while she remained unconscious. She is now married, and was kept in ignorance of her accident until after her marriage, in fear of the effect the shock might have on her system.

A little boy six or seven years of age, whose parents moved into the sixth story of a large, fashionable uptown flat about two years ago, leaned against a slat nailed against the unfinished elevator. The shaft broke and the little fellow fell through the shaft, but was caught by a man working on the elevator two floors below, and was carried unhurt upstairs to his mother before she knew of the accident. Yet the detail of it so shocked her that her life was for some time in danger.

About twelve years ago a number of Americans were crossing the channel from Dover to Calais, and a very heavy sea was running. They were advised to go below, and did so. But a stubborn Englishman, who was bullying the waiters and deckhands, and knew what he was about, you know, persisted in remaining on deck. A heavy wave suddenly struck the side of the boat, broke the guards and swept over the deck, carrying the obstinate Englishman and everything that was loose out to sea. But the backward and forward motion of the waves brought him back to the boat again and landed him violently against the guards. The Englishman immediately went below.

LOGGER'S LIFE.

A Picture of the Camps of the New Hampshire Lumber-Drivers.

Plymouth, (N. H.) Cor. Boston Journal.
The lumber industry of this section is a very important one, and yet one of which few people have any adequate idea. Away up the Pemigewasset valley, among the foot hills of the Franconia Range, stand immense forests, into which each winter enter gangs of lumbermen. A rude shanty is erected in which the men eat and bunk, and large quantities of salt pork and salt beef, flour and molasses are carted in, a cook procured, and the winter campaign is opened. The life of the men in these camps is a most monotonous one, chopping steadily through the day, with the exception of a short rest for dinner and a smoke. After supper all gather about the cook's fire to tell stories or listen to the soulful harmony drawn from a \$2.50 fiddle, and then the climb the ladder to their bunks in the loft.

The typical river driver is to New Hampshire what the cowboy is to the West—a creature of unbounded profanity and shirt collar, bold, reckless and daredevil to the last degree. Yet among the number are many who are far above the average of such laborers—farmers' sons who go down the river for the sake of the \$1 or \$2 per day, which is more than they can earn at home at this season of the year. The life is a hard one. The men never sleep in a house during the trip, but two camps, the "front" and "rear," move with the drive, here to-day and further on to-morrow.

The camp consisted of a large cook's tent and several "A tents," in which, on a few inches of straw, the men take their

rest. At daylight the men are called to breakfast, after which they go immediately to the river. In the middle of the forenoon a lunch is carried them, and another at 4 p. m. Supper follows at dark, previous to "turning in." The bill of fare is not extensive, but is one well adapted to the mode of life. Coffee, fried pork, boiled corn beef, ginger-bread and biscuit, cooked in old-fashioned tin ovens before an open fire, and baked dishes, cooked in the ground, are the usual dishes. Good cooks are always employed and the men are never stinted. An immense wagon follows the drive, always filled and covered with a heterogeneous collection of pike poles and overcoats, tents and coffee pots, etc. The trip usually consumes from two to three months. The drivers, cooks, waiters, etc., comprise a force of about sixty men.

The Egyptian Peasant.

Such of the "fellahs" or peasants, as have received some little culture know that the waters of the Nile come from the "land of dark men"—from the mountains of Abyssinia. In the year 1874, at the time of the war with Abyssinia, it happened that the Nile was slow to rise, and I have often heard, here and there in the villages, the opinion expressed that "no doctus the King of Dahomey was revenging himself on the Egyptians by preventing the waters of the Nile from flowing down to them;" or that an ancient threat of Ethiopian kings, i. e., to lead off the Nile before its entrance into Egypt, through a canal into the Red Sea, was being carried out.

But the inhabitants of the more isolated inland villages have not even such lights as these, and should you chance to come across such a fellah crouching at the door of his mud hut, holding his keel (siesta), and quietly content with a little of the crops and a few chickens and a water-pipe, and should you ask him as to his opinion of the Nile and its origin, you would in most cases find that, instead of entering upon geographical questions and hypotheses, he would, with a grateful glance toward heaven, answer simply, "Min Allah!" i. e., from God, or from heaven; and he would no doubt on his side turn questioner, and ask you "Have you in your country also a Nile?" And great would be his astonishment and surprise on hearing that our vegetation, our crops and our chickens are nourished by water which falls from the clouds. To him who hardly ever sees rain, and then only in a rare and passing shower, this seems a very precarious form of agriculture.

Nothing is more natural than that the Egyptian peasant, who has never been beyond his own village, and whose conceptions of the world, of men and things are of the most limited, should, considering that the Nile gives him all he has and all he needs, look upon it as a direct gift of God.

Whether it be that his land is so favorably situated that the Nile flows over it at the time of inundation, or that the water reaches it through artificial irrigation by means of a water-wheel worked by the camel or the oxen of the peasant, or if he be very poor, owning neither camel nor oxen, and obliged to pull up the water in shallow buckets made of reeds, and with his own hand distribute it over his fields, this much is certain, that only in so far as the Nile has blessed his land will his corn or his cotton grow, and the harvest will be in exact proportion to the amount of moisture which the land has received.

And more than this, the Nile gives him so much besides. His hut is built of Nile mud, and thatched with reeds that grow in the canals: out of Nile clay is the beloved pipe, and also the water jar out of which he drinks and he drinks (calculating the quantity of water), and even for the "tarabouka," the peculiar kind of kettle-drum with which he accompanies all his monotonous songs and religious observances, does the Nile give him the clay. I have just said that the fellah is a great water-drinker, and I may add so are all foreigners in Egypt, for nowhere else that I know of is the water so clear and delicious. This, no doubt, owing to the constant flowing over a bed of finest sand and loam. Filtered or cooled by a large quantity of clay, it becomes perfectly cold and is very refreshing.

Comb or Extracted Honey.

Country Gentleman.

M. M. Hunt had raised both comb and extracted honey, and should, in the future, work more for extracting than for comb honey. Dr. Kozartee had had experience in raising both kinds and found that comb honey was the most salable. It was necessary to ask people to buy extracted honey, while comb honey almost sold itself. Dr. L. C. Whiting thought that the profits are about equal, and remarked that if honey put up in small packages would sell for three cents more per pound, it would pay to put it up.

Dr. Mason said that he depended upon the market and upon circumstances, as to which kind is the most profitable.

The question was asked whether it injures the bees to extract the honey. D. A. Jones said that he knows it is good for the apiarist, and he believes it is good for the bees. It does not injure the brood. If some of the larvae are thrown partially out in extracting, and the brood comb, they would be brown when the combs are reversed and then care should be taken not to turn too fast after the combs are reversed. If anyone doubted it, he could pick up a larva that had been thrown out, and put it into a cell surrounded by smaller larvae, and it would be sealed over first, showing that it was uninjured.

The Cost of Contested Seats.

The Treasury Department has issued warrants for \$44,550 on account of the salaries and expenses of contestants for seats in the House of Representatives during the first session of the Forty-Eighth Congress. The names of contestants and amount received by each are as follows: William E. English, \$2,000; S. J. Peelle, \$2,000; S. R. Peters, \$5,000; J. R. Chalmers, \$2,000; Van H. Manning, \$2,000; F. A. Manzmann, \$2,000; J. H. Wallace, \$2,000; Wm. McKinley, \$2,000; Joseph E. Campbell, \$2,000; H. L. Morey, \$2,000; John Paul, \$2,000; C. T. O'Farrell, \$2,000; V. T. Frederick, \$2,000; James Wilson, \$2,000; G. H. Clark, \$1,250; G. M. Shelly, \$1,000; J. E. Massey, \$3,500; J. S. Wise, \$3,500; G. T. Garrison, \$2,000; C. C. Poole, \$500; T. G. Skinner, \$500; R. M. Mayo, \$1,800; J. H. McLean, \$1,000; J. O. Broadhead, \$1,000; S. N. Wood, \$1,500.

A class of persons who dwell in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, amuse themselves at night by throwing water, scented with an unpleasant odor, upon the passing pedestrians.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints That Will be Found Useful by the Farmer and his Family.

Ladies who do not have much time for fancy work need not lack for tidies when such elegant towels are to be purchased at so little expense. For the back of a sofa choose one with embroidered and fringed ends. This towel should be long enough so that you can tie it in a knot; arrange this so it will be smooth on the top. The ends must be draped gracefully.

The objection is sometimes made that made-over stockings hurt the tender feet of children, but if they are made as they should be there is no danger of this. The edges should be darned together smoothly and not sewed in a seam. To see just how to do this observe how the stockings are joined at the back.

A delicious pudding made of grated apples is especially enjoyed if the apples are tart and of good flavor. Grate the apples after peeling them, weigh them after grating and put with them an equal quantity of white sugar. To about ten ounces of apples and sugar allow four well-beaten eggs, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Line a shallow pudding dish with rich paste, put in the apples, etc., and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. A sauce of cream adds a touch of unequalled goodness, but it is very nice without.

CHICKEN POTPIE.—Cut the chicken as for a fricassee. Chop a quarter of a pound of fat salt pork, cover it properly the bottom of a wide mouthed, rather shallow pot; next lay in the pieces of chicken, sprinkle with minced onion, and just cover with cold water. Over this lay a thick biscuit crust, pretty short. Stew one hour and a half; then brown by holding a red-hot shovel close to the crust, or, if you have a stove-cover that fits the pot, heat this very hot and fit it on, leaving it five minutes or so, the pot being drawn to the side of the stove, where it will be hot without boiling. Now lift the crust with a fork and a cake-turner, and cover to keep warm. Take out the chicken and set over boiling water. Add a little boiling water to the gravy, thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, season with pepper, salt and parsley, and boil one minute. Then put in squares or strips of pie crust, cook ten minutes, arrange the chicken on a flat dish, lay the dumplings on it, pour the gravy over them, and cover with crust.

LAMB CUTLETS A LA CONDE.—Cut and trim a dish of cutlets from a neck of lamb, lard them thickly with small strips of truffles, anchovies and gherkins, and surround each with a seasoning made with fine bread crumbs, mushrooms, a few anchovies, a small quantity of shallots, some capers, the yolks and whites of two hard-boiled eggs, all chopped very fine and moistened with olive oil and a small piece of butter till of a proper consistency; add pepper and salt to taste. Keep the seasoning in its place on each cutlet with a small piece of the transparent skin that covers the fat in the inside of the lamb, and fix the cutlet to a small spit, covering them with oiled or buttered paper. Cook them in front of a clear fire; when done dust them over with browned bread crumbs, and serve them up very hot, with a good glazed gravy made from veal. Garnish with slices of lemon.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman remarks: "Heifers that breed young generally make the best cows at maturity. If a heifer has a small bag when she calves, it will increase with age, and when she is at middle age she is altogether better than one that is a cow before she breeds. One three years old before she breeds may do well the first season, but never does well again. The young heifer will begin small and do best at maturity. These conclusions are arrived at after more than fifty years of practical experience. I have known a heifer to drop a healthy calf three days before she was twelve months old, and she had no unusual trouble, and was as well and healthy as any cow. I am the owner of a cow that dropped her first calf at seventeen months old, and was always small of her age. She has always done well, and never needed the aid of a veterinary surgeon."

A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years, if care is taken to use the right kind and proper amount of grease; but if this is not attended to it will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub and work its way out around the tenons of the spoke and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axle-trees and castor oil for iron hubs, but many of the present axle greases are also excellent and have the merit of being cheaper and more easily converted to handle. Just grease enough should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a slight coating. This is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends and be forced by the shoulder bonds and nut washer into the hub around the outside of the boxes. To oil an iron axle-tree first wipe the spindle clean with a piece of cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.—Green's Fruit Grower.

A pretty decoration for the wall is made of peacock feathers. Cut a piece of pasteboard in fan shape, cover with silk or velvet, and decorate, if you please; then place the feathers around it close enough together so that there will be no spaces, and yet not so close as to conceal any part of the feather, particularly that part of it where, as a little boy said, "God put his finger." Sew the feathers to the pasteboard, and a really beautiful ornament for the wall is completed.

Some sensible gentlemen object to the fashion of dressing up the waste-paper basket, so that it is too nice to use; but it is an addition to its good looks to line it, and this is not open to objection. If, so inclined, a pocket can be put on, in which may be placed papers about whose value you are doubtful. To finish the edge at the top where the lining is tacked, take a plain satin ribbon and gather it slightly at the upper edge. When this is sewed on it is a pretty addition to each a very narrow ribbon, number one in width, and tie it where the ends join with a bow and short ends.

Farmers should enjoy above all others, the luxuries of the garden, and yet, strange to say, but few farmers have close gardens, and many farmers buy vegetables.

"Subscriber" writes to the Indiana Farmer: "Having read several inquiries in your paper and also in others for a remedy for warbles in cattle, I will give you

mine. It has been used in this neighborhood for more than thirty years and I have not known a single instance where it has failed: Dissolve a quart of salt in as much water, and be sure to get more salt than the water will dissolve. Rub well the affected parts until the hide is wet and the hair is thoroughly saturated. In ten days the warbles will disappear. The remedy will exterminate the gad fly if they have no other way of propagating."

In the washing of woodenware, the churn, the worker, etc., care must be taken in using hot water first and then cold in preparing them for use; and cold, then hot, in cleansing them, and without any soap whatever. The soap used on the tins, and occasionally on the painted doors and floors of the room, the slats and windows should not be the rank, half-made soft soap of the soap-fat man, nor even the yellow soap from the grocery. Castile, or odorless olive-oil soap, or the preparations now on the market in the form of powder, are the only soaps that can be used with safety.—R. Goodman Jr., in Tribune.

The Lancaster Farmer reminds its readers that young trees planted in the Spring should be watched and their form regulated by pinching the shoots that push too vigorously, and by breaking off the shoots that start where branches are not needed. A little care given to trees while young will make later pruning unnecessary. A graft should be regarded as a tree planted in another tree, instead of in the soil, and its growth should be regulated by proper pinching. Often the growth from a bud will be very vigorous. If the top of this is pinched, it will become stocky and throw out side branches.

Mr. T. F. Baker said in a meeting of the New Jersey Horticultural Society that by enriching the soil and deepening it in connection with subsoiling, the receipts of his farm increased from \$1,750 to \$7,300 for one year's sales alone, besides what was consumed at home. His high manuring and thorough tillage enabled him to produce crops from one to two weeks earlier than others, which, with their good quality, brought high prices. He applies fertilizers at the rate of one or one and a half tons per acre for garden crops in Spring. This seems a large quantity, but it is less than a acre to the square foot. By the time the market is overstocked with any crop his early supply is usually harvested and he is ready for another crop, the one manuring answering for both.

The English adage that sheep pay twice is not so comprehensive as this adage, probably of Spanish origin: "The foot of the sheep is golden." Taking the two precepts together, sheep pay three times—once in the fleece, once in the carcass and increase, and once in the perfect distribution of manure and in the improvement of the meadow; for, although sheep graze closely, they do not bite so close as the horse, nor gnaw the sward down, often into the roots. It is true that all sheep are not profitable as mutton-producers, or rather some are more so than others. So certain breeds of sheep are especially profitable as fleece-producers, yet this does not invalidate, in any way, the general statement of the three-fold value of sheep, as against other farm stock.—Breeder's Gazette.

As strawberry roots go deep the bed should be prepared by previous culture and thorough fertilization to a considerable depth. The roots cover an area scarcely larger than the leaves, and the plants may therefore be set close, provided the soil is rich enough to sustain them. Since the roots run nearly vertical there is little danger of deep cultivation of the ground between the rows, even after the plants have attained full size. The fact that new roots grow out above the old ones each year explains why strawberry plants appear to elevate themselves as they become old, and suggests the importance of drawing earth to them after the bearing season. Surface manuring is also advisable, but it should be close to the plants.

BRAYER THAN THE MEN.

A New Story of Gen. Howard and a Woman Waterbury American.

While in Gettysburg last week I had an interview with Mrs. F. P. Howard, who was in Gettysburg at the time of the battle there, and was told by her the following, which I think has never yet been printed. The story has been corroborated by a number of the people of that place, and I have every reason to believe it to be true.

Mrs. Thorn lived in the house at the entrance of the Borough cemetery. The house was always a headquarters for Gen. O. O. Howard. Mrs. Thorn's husband was away from home at the time (serving in the 114th regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and stationed in Virginia), leaving her with two quite young children. During the first day of the fight Gen. Howard wanted some one to show him and tell him about the different roads leading from Gettysburg, and asked a number of men and boys who were in the cellar of the house to go with him and point them out. But these persons were all fearful, and refused to go. Then Mrs. Thorn showed her courage and patriotism by voluntarily offering to show the roads. This offer was at first refused by Gen. Howard, who said he did not wish a woman to do what men had not the courage to do. Mrs. Thorn persisted in her offer, saying: "Somebody must show you, and I can do it; I was born and brought up here, and know the roads as well as anybody." Her offer was accepted, and, with the general and his horse between her and the fire of the enemy, Mrs. Thorn went from one spot to another, pointing out the different roads. When passing along the line of troops, the General was greeted with: "Why do you take a woman for a guide?" This is no place for her. "I know it," said the officer, "but I could not get a man to do the work, and I was all afraid." This answer to them started cheers for Mrs. Thorn, which lasted several minutes, and showed that our soldiers admired the courage shown at such a time.

The royal ponceana, the famous Key West flowering tree, is beginning to bloom. Its variegated flowers are the most attractive on the island.

Justice Jette has rendered a decision at Montreal upholding the Quebec government's right to impose a tax on insurance companies.

A consignment of seven thousand cases of lined oil from Brazil, the first ever sent from there, passed the New York Custom House recently.